

Mornings and Smiles

by myria-chan

Category: Haikyu/ãf•ã,ãã,-ãf¥ãf¼

Genre: Humor, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Daichi S., Koshi S.

Status: Completed

Published: 2014-08-25 15:16:44

Updated: 2014-08-25 15:16:44

Packaged: 2016-04-26 20:43:38

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 951

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: There is a benefit to early morning make-out sessions: the way the universe falls silent to the thrum of two heartbeats in sync, and everything magically falls in their proper place. An assurance that today is going to be a wonderful day.

Mornings and Smiles

****Title: Mornings and Smiles****

****8/28 - fluff****

****Summary: ****There is a benefit to early morning make-out sessions: the way the universe falls silent to the thrum of two heartbeats in sync, and everything magically falls in their proper place. An assurance that today is going to be a wonderful day.

****Warning: ****Not recommended for those suffering from emotional diabetes. Read at your own risk. A rainbow colored plastic bag will be handed at the very end of fic for your convenience. Enjoy!

* * *

><p>Daichi wakes up on his side of the bed, cushioned in pillows and sleep-warmed blankets, arms and limbs in lopsided tangles with a sleeping Koushi, in a room full of sunshine, face centimeters away from the love of his life. The sun is generous and warm that particular summer morning, but not as cozy or as appealing as their embrace amongst the sheets.<p>

Koushi will not be awake for a few more minutes, and Daichi uses this opportunity to ogle at the sleeping figure at broad daylight.

He revels at the fact that he lives for these moments, the earliest of sunbeams touching Koushi's hair in shimmering white gold, caressing his face with the day's first glory.

He marvels at the bony prominences of his lover's sleeping face: the seemingly large forehead now uncurtained by his fringes, the mark of his intelligence and cunning wit; the high cheekbones that accentuated his sunny personality and his special ability to lift everyone's spirits; the straight button nose that every air that Daichi breathes out, and vice versa; rounded tip of a small ear that will soon listen to his good morning; all framed by a heart-shaped face and a dainty chin.

Koushi has bushy eyebrows, untrimmed at the edges that reminded him that his lover was and is as manly handsome as he is irresistibly cute. His beauty mark, a tear-drop mole on a corner of his right eye, retells him of the tears unspoken and unshedâ€”not because they are signs of weakness but because there are better things to do than to wallow in pity and self-deprecation. His lashes were long and thick, resting against rounded, plump cheeksâ€”the gentlest hint of his pit-less appetite for food and practically anything edible. There are faint traces of silver on the corner of his eyes and mouth, in memory of each smile and laughter Koushi so generously and carelessly gives. His ever-smiling mouth is open, breathing, matching the steady rise and fall of his chest, still deep in slumber in a world full of dreams and delights.

Daichi's eyes travel downward, following the lines of a slender neck, where his ring is looped around with silver chain and nestled in the spaces between them, gleamed an enchanting color of gold with the sunlight.

He wrestles down the covers a bit so he can maneuver closer, and found that yes; they have managed to fall asleep with their hands intertwined again. Seeing so brings the first smile on his own lips, and deliberately, without the faintest hints of subtlety, draws they entwined hands close so he could place their first kiss on the back of Koushi's precious hand; closer and holds it against his beating heart.

This is how he says good morning. He leans forward until their foreheads touch and noses bump, not to kiss or to meet their lips, but simple so. He spends the remainder of the minutes staring at Koushi's closed eyes, wondering briefly how he has the strength to raise those eyelids with those thick crop of curled lashes, knowing full well that that same strength may be inherently related to the will power and spirit he shown during those years of unforgettable high school volleyball and the infinity they share after.

He grins widely when Koushi finally stirs, hazy eyes searching, mapping Daichi's features, blinking once he regains some semblance of consciousness, and beams a smile far too brighter than any morning sunshine.

Koushi draws their clasp hands close to his face and marauds countless of fluttering butterfly kisses on the back of Daichi's hand, his thumb skimming nonsensical patterns, never breaking eye contactâ€”not once, not ever. Daichi will like an eternity staring back into those eyes. They glow at him as if his mediocrity is the most magical entity they ever had laid sight on.

Koushi chuckles melodically, as if reading his mind, sharing the sentiment, in total and absolute confirmation that Daichi is in fact

the best thing that ever happened since last night's dinner, and to his profoundest bewilderment, he is staring back with the same amount of love in his eyes.

Once again they are reminded that this is what falling in love meant like, And that in the justly knowledge and benevolence of the universe, they are truly fortunate to find one another and repeat this cycle again and again.

Koushi stretches languidly above him, pinning both his hands on either side of his face, his tone teasing as he breathes, "Morning kiss."

"Do we have to?" Daichi half whines, but closes their distance and melts for the very first time that day.

There is a benefit to early morning make-out sessions, he thinks, prying his fingers away from their steely cages so he can wrap one around Koushi's waist, pulling him closer; the other prowling in an northern conquest, fingers threading through sleep tousled locks; angling deeper.

The way the universe falls silent to the thrum of two heartbeats in sync, and everything magically falls in their proper place. An assurance that today is going to be a wonderful day.

End
file.